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The Middlebury Campus

VOL. VI APRIL, 1910 No. 3

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE

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The Middlebury Campus

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"NOT all of memory's subtle magic arts
Can bring from misty regions of the mind
That store of varied wisdom, ample at times
To set us clear upon the domesday books
Preserved with care inquisitorial.
And yet in that remote subconsciousness
Whence faltering recitations oft were drawn,
Re-echoes still with beauty unimpaired
The massive music of the Roman tongue,
The common voice of pagan and of saint;
And still in noble English prose and verse
The deeps of great souls call unto the deeps
Of our own souls in words divinely strong."

—*James A. Lobban, '98.*

THE MIDDLEBURY CAMPUS.

PROFESSOR WRIGHT.

THIS issue of THE CAMPUS is dedicated to Professor Wright, —entirely without his knowledge or consent—who completes at the close of this college year twenty-five years of service as Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature. On the following pages will be found a number of tributes from his former students, which constitute a remarkable testimony to his usefulness as a college teacher, his deep impression upon character, and the affection in which he is held even years after contact in the classroom. The letters published are but a fraction of those which would have appeared, if our purpose to devote this issue to Professor Wright had been more widely known.

There were less than forty students in Middlebury College in 1885, when Professor Wright responded to the invitation of President Hamlin to become a member of the faculty. He has seen the college grow until its freshman class is twice the size of the entire college when he began his work. Over five hundred living graduates have known his influence, and most of them were under his instruction during the greater part of their course. Except for the last few years the entire instruction in English at Middlebury has been given by him. One who chances to meet any of our graduates of the last quarter century, whatever other inquiry may greet him, is sure to be asked, "How is Professor Wright?" and is charged with a cordial greeting to him.

Professor Wright was one of the early students of Johns Hopkins and has an honorable name among the remarkable men who went forth from that University in its first years. As a teacher his power has grown steadily and he has never done better work than he is doing today. He never spoiled a poet or an essayist for any pupil, but on the contrary has awakened interest and love for many a writer who was not before regarded with favor. He has exerted moral and spiritual influence of the most

helpful kind. His judgment has been prized not less by his colleagues in the faculty than by the members of his classes. His services to the town, as a member of the school board, a deacon in the church, and in numberless other ways, and his influence throughout the State in educational and religious circles, are known to all his friends.

THE CAMPUS delights to have a share in the tribute of affection and congratulation which will reach him at his twenty-fifth anniversary as a Middlebury man.

To the Editor of The Campus:

Professor Wright and I have been colleagues and friends for more than twenty years. Although I am his senior in years, he is my senior in service here. When I returned to Middlebury as an instructor in January 1889, Professor Wright had preceded me three years and one term. In a college like this, and especially when the number of teachers was smaller than now, where daily and intimate association is inevitable, one comes to know his faculty associates pretty well. Professor Wright at that time was about thirty years of age and of a skipping spirit. Time has laid his hand rather heavily upon him since then, as he has on all of us, but the years have not dulled the fine temper of his humor nor nicked the keen edge of his wit. Others will speak of Professor Wright as a teacher. I will try to tell how he has impressed me, at the end of this long period, as a man, as a colleague, and as a friend.

Professor Wright came here fresh from Johns Hopkins University after several years of special preparation for his profession, but during all his time among us he has been a diligent student and has become a riper scholar. He combines, as it seems to me, two qualities essential to the successful administration of the English Department. He is keenly critical and at the same time sympathetically appreciative, both of the masters he studies and of the students he teaches. For fine analysis and critical judgment of men and books, Professor Wright stands in the first rank. It is sometimes assumed, I speak as a fool, that instructors in small colleges, especially those that have attained middle age, are necessarily and inevitably an inferior product of American education as compared with the shining lights in larger institutions. But I venture to say with reference to Professor Wright,

that few better scholars or clearer thinkers or more inspiring teachers can be found in any college or university. Whether a man be in Middlebury or Harvard depends largely upon circumstance, upon opportunity, upon "push"—a vile phrase. Certainly "push" is a vile phrase when applied to scholarship, position, or office. I doubt if Professor Wright ever gave a serious thought to forswearing his allegiance to Middlebury and naturalizing himself in any other institution, and now that he is reaping such a golden harvest of affection and respect, after his twenty-five years of service, I am sure he is well content.

As a writer, Professor Wright can express his thought (when he needs to and cares to) in as strong, vigorous and virile prose as any man I know. And though the oratorical is not his field, he speaks, when occasion demands, with great clearness and force. He is, however, naturally an essayist. His critical faculty compels him to write slowly and with great care, but I know that he could if he would, publish a volume of essays that, for scholarly judgment, keen analysis and elegant diction, would challenge the admiration of those most competent to judge. And he could, if he would, and I wish he would, publish a volume of verse, poetic in conception, exquisite, metrical, charming. One might inquire then, "Why doesn't he do it?" There are two answers. He is too critical of himself, and he is too modest. Of making many books there is no end, and in his opinion the burden of proof is upon the author. Besides, the man who exhausts his nervous energy in the classroom and wearies himself with the correction of undergraduate papers in the drudgery of his work-a-day-life is in quite a different position, as regards the making of books, from the professor in a university who does his three hours a week and has ample leisure for study and plenty of time for philosophic calm.

As a colleague, Professor Wright has always been sympathetic and appreciative, helpful, always willing to do more than his share. Many times he has used all his strength in doing the things that were no more for him to do than for others. His house has been the heart of hospitality and in this connection Mrs. Wright should not be forgotten as a bountiful hostess and a coparcener in all the tributes to the hospitality of that delightful home. In the administration of the College for these twenty-five years, Professor Wright's judgment, coolness, and courage have been of the greatest service. Maturity of judgment, of course,

has come with the years and I know that the present executive values the experience and relies upon the judgment of the Senior Professor even as his predecessor did.

But no estimate of Professor Wright's service here would be at all adequate that made no mention of his interest in the community and his devotion to it. For years he has conducted a Bible class at the Congregational church for students and all others that cared to attend, and to it he has given a large measure of his nearly exhausted strength at the end of every week, in preparation for that Sunday noon hour whose value only those who have been constant attendants upon that service can fully appreciate. During all these years he has been closely associated in the administration of the affairs of the church, and especially since the death of Professor Eaton has this been true. Professor Eaton's mantle fell upon Professor Wright, and as a deacon of the church and as an officer charged with the management of its affairs he has borne the burden and heat of the day. He has more closely identified himself with the community than many members of the faculty, not only in religious but in civic affairs. As one of the school directors his thought, judgment, and common sense have always been in the direction of advanced educational methods and in the line of educational improvement. In walking the street with Professor Wright, a practice unhappily not so common as it used to be, I am constantly surprised at the number of people he seems to know and that know him. I am always asking him, "Who was that man, or that woman, or that child?" Professor Wright is not simply a college man, he is a Middlebury man in all its interests, cares, duties, pleasures, and activities. In my judgment no member of the faculty would be so greatly missed in college and in town. And that after all is the supreme test.

As a friend—well, that is our own affair.

WALTER E. HOWARD.

To the Editor of The Campus:

My tribute shall be very brief; yet more hearty than brief. To others I shall leave the recognition of that literary influence pervasive not only in one department, but in all the departments of the College; to others, also, memories of the class-room with its fund of happy illustration or genial wit; nor shall I anticipate

some other's grateful offering to that larger ethical influence so long dominant in Middlebury in college halls, in the church or social life, or in the more public spheres.

In all the ancient life the goddess of Hospitality was worshiped among the more sacred deities, and her laws were more carefully, yet more gladly obeyed than those of some of the other great divinities. By some anachronism this old cult was more strongly emphasized in Professor Wright's earlier teaching than in that of many. Many years ago, evidently, he set up her statue in his penetralia ; many of us know that she is still enshrined there. If—adapting Cicero's old proposition—after many pecks of salt have been eaten together, lasting intimacies are formed, how many unbreakable friendships must belong to him and to his, long the hosts of the Open Door among us !

One might venture the opinion that the custom of breaking bread together in comradeship was as old as the making of the loaf itself. Certainly in all history, and in antecedent tradition, they have belonged together. If any one in Middlebury has had occasion to know that table companionship "at the Wrights" has been the sign of most devoted service, the accompanying symbol and indication of truest friendship, I am that one.

Thus, while I might bring whole wreaths to my friend, I shall offer him, at least in this public way, only this modest flower ; because of certain more or less obvious reasons, he will prefer it to lavish garlands. Nor shall I ever need ask him whether he think my tribute sincere.

MYRON R. SANFORD.

APRIL 3, 1910.

To the Editor of The Campus:

To be asked for reminiscences is such a blow. It brutally puts an end to my De Leon-like attempt at perpetual youth, and proves all too well that stiffening joints and thinning hair are a true index of length of days. But if reminiscences it must be, those concerning Professor Wright offer the widest and pleasantest opportunity possible. So much mental electricity is always generated in his presence, that there can be no lack of material. And who better fitted for a task like this than the man who, to quote Professor Wright's own words, "entered college the same year I did—but in a much humbler capacity"? And the injus-

tice of the world makes his words true, for even a fledgling professor is on a vastly higher plane than a mere squab of a freshman from a Vermont lake-town.

Professor Wright's influence began, even from my freshman year, to turn me from the calling which heredity marked out for me toward the more uncertain pursuit of English literature in an unwilling and perverse generation. My array of family names would have me applying plasters and concocting pills; my early training would have me turn to the Classics, but the force of Mr. Wright's personality and enthusiasm has sent me forth as an interpreter of our own language. I at least can thank him for it, whatever the generations of my students may say.

And the memories of this influence are so varied. If I go back to college days, I picture the young professor sitting on the edge of his bedstead at his rooms in the Murray block, giving me an insight into literature through his very stories. Or possibly it is a time when he and his wife have returned from a day-long tramp to Grand View, and I see them carefully white-washed with cream to get them ready for the next day's classes. The joys of Chaucer, the dread of "speaking," the stern realities of Logic are all pleasant memories now of this earlier time.

But the most delightful associations gather about the years of my stay in Middlebury High. I remember the long Saturday afternoons locked in the library with Mr. Wright to listen to a new book, whether it chanced to be Ibsen's *Hedda Gabler* or the *New Paul and Virginia*. Less literary memories cluster about the sad afternoon, when, with the whole mathematics department, I blew eggs and filled them with water to be used by "the Wrights" in the manufacture of ice cream. I do not like eggs!

The personality revealed to me through those years was always inspiriting. Perish the awful day when our perfect linguist posed through a long dinner, in the presence of a high dignitary of an exclusive society of women, as a literary sloven. I have often wondered what she could have thought when a professor of English "hadn't got no butter" and invited me to "gev him a bite more." Before the dignity of the Hawthorne Club however, he always fortified himself by reading, whenever the priceless volume was at hand, the purely poetic lines beginning,

"The mountain sheep are sweeter
"But the valley sheep are fatter;

"We therefore deemed it meeter
"To carry off the latter."

But his most perfect efflorescence formed itself in the short-lived Sombre Club, the untutored merriment of which died a natural death at the bitter pathos of Professor Howard's chicken story.

But all these things are secondary to the trip Professor Wright and I took abroad. It was to be inspirational and experimental. Inspirational it certainly was or I should not now be teaching "the young idea how to shoot" in English. Experimentally it was even more of a success. The facts and experiences of the north of England and of Scotland which did not reveal themselves to us are not worth the time of the true traveller. Here, by my easily acquired accent and florid features, I was usually mistaken for an Englishman "doing" his country for an intractable American. Intractable is just the word. I can see now those dear, stuffy back-street book shops, from which I could only drag my friend by the direst threats of penury on an alien shore. We could escape the charm of the relics of Mary of Scotland, of Scott or of Burns, but the books we had with us always.

And Professor Wright is an ideal travelling companion, with no fault but this slight literary intemperance. He could do his part, whether walking, climbing mountains, getting lost in the Highlands, or entertaining the Scotchman, semi-enlightened as to Vermont and Middlebury. We even suffered together that supremest note of physical torture—the shave, given at the hands of a robber band in a little Scotch village well off the route of travel.

I have mentioned the trivial things; the others I cannot tell are the ones which mean so much to me—a constant, cheerful comradeship, an active, mental stimulus, a sense of humor, an enthusiasm for his subject and for life among men. We stir the foam a bit; the real current lies below in an influence which has meant the best of life, in these twenty-five years, to Middlebury as town and college, and to scores of young men and women, among whom I am glad to sign myself *one*.

Sincerely,

PRENTISS C. HOYT.

To the Editor of The Campus:

About fifteen years ago, a short time before the opening of the college year, a somewhat diffident sub-freshman, I was escorted by an interesting and interested sophomore to the home of Professor Wright. Having fitted for college in an institution where the teaching force was entirely made up of women, it was not strange that I dreaded my first interview with a college professor. Imagine my relief when I was introduced to a kind-eyed, pleasant-spoken gentleman who at once put me at ease.

Not long afterward, as a member of the freshman class of that year, it was my privilege to be daily under Professor Wright's instruction; while in the years that followed, required and elected courses gave me the opportunity of spending many hours in his class-room.

As a teacher Professor Wright was ideal. The work in his classes was never easy; but he made it so interesting that we did not begrudge the study required in doing it. He had a way of imparting to us something of his own enthusiasm for the beautiful in thought and expression, so that unconsciously our feet were turned into the paths that lead to communion with the great and good of all ages.

There was a fine earnestness about his instruction that was more potent in keeping the class attentive and orderly than any severity could have been. And indeed, I have no distinct recollection of any harshness in his tone or manner, while many a thought comes to me of his forbearance and patience in cases of failure or stupidity, and of his quick appreciation of worthy work.

This does not mean that he was not a terror to bluffers and evil doers in general, but his command of the mother tongue enabled him to subdue any such so speedily and effectually that only those who bear the scars remember the stroke, and they are not telling what happened to them.

But he never suspected us of being any worse, nor indeed of being quite as wicked as we really were. Unlike the worthy gentleman, who by accusing two perfectly innocent persons who were attentively drawing interior views of *felis domestica*, of participating in the production of a notorious publication commonly called "The Ram," and so putting unregenerate thoughts into their minds, Professor Wright thought the best possible of us

(keeping an eye on us meanwhile) and we tried to write and study and live up to the standard he had in mind for us.

He had a way, too, of keeping us from becoming discouraged, even when there may have been good cause for discouragement. There was a text book in logic that was taken up by our class that was the most unmercifully condensed and unintelligible production that it had thus far been our misfortune to encounter. Professor Wright brought us through it alive, but I have never heard that any other Middlebury professor ever attempted to pilot a class through the narrows of logic on a like craft.

His keen sense of humor relieved many a situation that might have developed into a scene in other class-rooms, and, I imagine, helped him to bear the heavy burdens that teaching imposes on the conscientious teacher.

With the passing of our junior and senior years, the elective classes in English enjoyed delightful privileges. In addition to interesting class-room work there were social occasions, when Professor Wright was our host. Well do I remember those evenings once a week during the winter of our senior year, when we used to gather in his library and he would read to us from the Legend of Arthur. I can see the fire-place with the tantalizing picture above it, the lovely Venus standing in her niche, and hear again the story of the wonderful loves and deeds of those ancient knights. Once I hoped that I might learn to read like that, so quietly and simply, and yet with such great expression and luminousness. Vain hope! Only Professor Wright reads like that. After the Legend there would be a chatty time in the dining-room over cakes and coffee, and after that, before we went to our dormitories or boarding houses, the professor would read something from "Huckleberry Finn," or maybe he would read us "Mustapha's Vacation." Never to have heard him read "Mustapha's Vacation" is to go out from Middlebury lacking in one of its finishing touches.

Then one June there was a wonderful picnic given by Professor and Mrs. Wright for his elective classes. It was held in the "Eddy lot." Those were the days before the coming of the marble mill. We had supper out there on the grass under the trees. Over a fire built between two stones Mrs. Wright made *such* coffee, and from the big hampers she unpacked such stores of delicious things that we lost all reckoning of the quantity of

dainties we consumed, and only knew that we were filled with huge content. By and by the sun went down, and in the dusk the Professor, by the light of the fire, read us a love story, a ghost story, and another whose character I do not now remember. Then the stars stood out clearly in the sky, and we went back to the town.

Those were halcyon days. Our teacher was our counsellor and friend. We were witnesses of his devotion to his work and beheld the noble spirit that shone in all his life among us. He put into our hands the passports to the empire of the great in literature, and introduced us to the language spoken in that magic realm.

Happy are they who have had such to teach them in their youth !

ANNETTE ANDERSON SMITH.

To the Editor of The Campus:

I am very glad of an opportunity to express some word of what Professor Wright has meant to me, and to all of us. Year by year Professor Wright has grown upon me. I have come more and more to realize the fact of his far-reaching ideas of education, his seeing the relation of all details to the great principles and elemental laws. I confess, in simplest and bluntest manner, that Professor Wright has gone into my life and has done me good, and I am sure that the host of students who have been with him in the course of these twenty-five years have all felt the same.

Faithfully,

VERNON C. HARRINGTON, '91.

To the Editor of The Campus:

Two years of daily contact in work with Professor Wright after graduation gave me a truer appreciation of his character and of the value of his work than had been possible before. This appreciation later years have but deepened, and I am glad of this opportunity to express it.

The standard of literary excellence which Professor Wright upheld was very high and to bring his students to it, he gave himself unsparingly. No one could long associate with him without being strongly impressed with this fact.

But greater and better than what he did and giving effectiveness to it were his high ideals and the noble qualities of his char-

acter. Whatever was his of strength, influence, knowledge, enthusiasm he shared with us, looking for neither recognition nor reward. He had a kindness of heart for his students which was unfailing and expressed itself in countless, unexpected ways. The years with Professor Wright are still for me a potent influence and of pleasantest memory.

ANNIE RITCHIE MEGATHLIN, '94.

To the Editor of The Campus:

You say your next issue is to be a tribute to Professor Wright. The following are some points which have come to me during the last nineteen years, and I hope he will not object to them.

Professor Wright is a great teacher. His conception of aesthetics in relation to life is sane and wholesome. He is an inspiration extending through all the years. His work has not been interpretation alone. He has the originality of thought and the beauty of expression of the artist. (Perhaps our college essays have shown him what to avoid in developing his style.)

May he live to guide many more of Middlebury's students, and to see his literary talent bear fruit.

EARL L. CUSHMAN, '95.

To the Editor of The Campus:

Through THE CAMPUS I would felicitate Doctor Wright upon this twenty-fifth anniversary of his connection with a college which is doing such earnest and telling work along educational lines. I would also congratulate the College upon retaining on its faculty such a thorough master of English Literature, so skillful a teacher, and such an illustrator of pure and trenchant English in style. But most of all I would congratulate every student who has been privileged, during these twenty-five years, to sit on the proverbial log with this Christian gentleman, enthusiastic scholar, and inspiring friend. How many are to-day carrying his instruction into other colleges and schools through their professorships! How many are impressing the world of thought and action through the medium of a pure and forceful style learned at his feet! Hail noble teacher! Here's to twenty-five years more.

Sincerely yours,

CHARLES L. LEONARD, '95.

To the Editor of The Campus:

As the twenty-five years of service, which Professor Wright has rendered Middlebury College, draw to a close, it is a privilege to speak a word of appreciation for him, whose devotion to the college and whose efforts in behalf of his students make for him an enviable record. Not alone is the thorough and enthusiastic teaching in the classroom remembered, but that finer service of individual interest and outside instruction, evidenced by his Bible study class each Sunday, and by the reading circles conducted in his home on winter evenings or by the quiet waters of the Otter on a bright June day. Thus he planned and toiled to attune the hearts of his young disciples to that of his own, sublime in its conception of beauty and truth.

May his strength be spared to continue in his good work and thus become endeared to other sons and daughters of dear old Midd.

CORA BROCK DANIELS, '96.

To the Editor of The Campus:

It seems hardly possible that Professor Wright has been at Middlebury for twenty-five years, and I certainly congratulate Middlebury for being able to keep for so long a time such a man at the head of the English department. I have been thinking what Middlebury has meant to me, and what Professor Wright's influence meant to me in the years that I was in college and the five following years when, in the high school, I was so closely connected with the College. I did not elect many of his courses, but he influenced me as few men whom I have met have done. His power has more and more been a source of wonder to me. How a man overwhelmed with work, as he was, could keep a personal interest in an individual is a marvel. Yet he directed my reading, kept track of my work in other departments, brought to my attention things I ought to read, and showed a personal thought that inspired me constantly to better work. I have thanked him a thousand times in my heart for what Middlebury meant to me through my contact with him, and I am only too glad to make this public acknowledgment. God bless him.

MARY ORENDA POLLARD, '96.

To the Editor of The Campus:

In response to your letter of March 14, may I mention a few of those characteristics of Professor Wright which seem to me to have made him such an influential factor in Middlebury College life?

I should put first that quick and responsive sympathy which so often shone in his face and so won him friends. Next, I should add his ability to lead because of his intellectual and spiritual appreciation. Then would follow his lavish expenditure of himself for the individual student as well as for the college, his freedom from all attempt at impressing his own superiority as a scholar in his call to comradeship in the search for the good and beautiful, and his hospitality which in its warmth and charm I have never seen excelled.

Personally, I am profoundly thankful that I came under his influence as a teacher and friend, and my loyalty to Middlebury College and Professor Wright will always be inseparable.

Yours truly,

ELLEN C. GORDON, '97.

To the Editor of The Campus:

I was feeling oh, so dreary, doing papers, worn and weary,
Pondering quaint and curious notions pupils had of old time lore;
As I nodded nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping;
It was some one gently rapping, rapping at my study door.
"Come" I muttered, then a letter fluttered just inside the door.
Only that and nothing more!

Soon this letter was beguiling my worn features into smiling
With the quest for my assistance it so eloquently bore:
"Will you help us, please, to edit something that will give us credit?"
(Rapt and eagerly I read it) "Your assistance we implore!
"Write us something for the CAMPUS, Prof. Wright issue! we implore—
Just a few words, nothing more!"

Then my weary heart grew stronger as I pondered long and longer
All the pleasant mem'ries conjured by that name, of days of yore;
Friend and teacher, never weary, inspiration when work's dreary,

Always sympathetic, cheery; one to trust forever more;
All his pupils will remember him with love forever more;
Always that, and even more.

So I sat there reminiscing, but no syllable expressing,
Till my eyes fell on my papers which had fallen on the floor;
Then I went to work the faster for the thoughts of one time master,
Hoping years without disaster Midd may keep him, as before;
Twenty-five years more as helpful as the twenty-five before—
Twenty-five—or even more!

Papers finished, I bethought me "Surely, to the man who taught me,
Things so worth while to remember in those happy days of yore,
I'll pay tribute very gladly." Whence this fancy, which, if badly
Writ,—I know it all too sadly, I'm no poet—from my heart's core
With sincere appreciation and respect I now outpour,
Here's to him, forever more!

F. C. ALLEN, '98.

To the Editor of The Campus:

I don't suppose Professor Wright has any idea how much he means to those who have learned of him. He is still teaching us of former years; we are only now getting to realize how fundamental were the lessons of literature and life that he has taught us. His contempt for pretense and hollowness of all kinds; his quiet enthusiasm for genuineness; his contagious love of good literature; his ability to read poetry so that it makes one glad of poets; above all, his inspiriting friendship and wholesome counsel—these are a few of the things that make him a great teacher. He would deprecate the use of that adjective, but we know better than he about that, at least.

JAMES L. LOBBAN, '98.

To the Editor of The Campus:

Dear Sir:—A few words in appreciation of Professor Wright? Most assuredly. You might hunt a good while for a pleasanter task for me.

What I shall write will tell of him as I knew him between

1895 and 1899, when I was at Middlebury.

Professor Wright was always quiet. His was the quietness of sincerity. He did not make noise or do things merely for effect. He was not effusive. There was not striving after oratorical effect in even the most vigorous of his deliverances. And yet he was what I call the best reader that I have ever listened to. The secret of this was, I think, his sympathy—his perfect appreciation of the writer. He rarely, if ever, hesitated over the pronunciation of a word, stumbled or repeated. And yet there was no sense of effort to avoid these things. In listening, one simply lost sight of the reader completely in the writer and his flow of thought. I had already learned to know and love some of the great writers before entering college, but the hand that led my willing feet into the very presence of Dante, Tennyson, Wordsworth, Hawthorne, Browning and others was the hand of Professor Charles Baker Wright.

Yours truly,

DONALD P. HURLBURT, '99.

To the Editor of The Campus:

I am only too glad to assist in placing tributes of esteem and affection at the feet of Professor Wright. To all that will be said of him let me add this: A man of highest culture and refinement, gifted with the most winsome and attractive personality, capable and efficient in his calling as teacher. None could sit in his classes or enjoy his fellowship without being inspired to best thought and loftiest endeavor.

I have a growing appreciation of the man and his work. My love for Middlebury prompts me to hope that he may give another quarter of a century to the service of the College in this day of growth and prosperity.

Very sincerely yours,

ROBT. L. THOMPSON, '99.

To the Editor of The Campus:

It is hard to realize that our beloved Professor Wright has been so long in the service of "Dear Old Midd." His perennially young and human spirit has effaced the sense of time. It has been my privilege to meet him at recurring intervals during the past decade, and always with a growing sense, not of years,

but of the warm, rich current of his life. To meet him has always been to carry away a warmer glow about the heart.

If I were to characterize my impressions of him, it would be to say that first of all he is a truly brotherly man. Out of this fountain springs the abundant inspiration of his teaching power. Highly gifted and generously equipped, the bloom of his art lies in the fact that both his ideals and his appreciations glow with the spirit that sees things with the joy of prospectively sharing them with others.

Modest to a fault about his own productions, we need to remember that the modesty which has led him to forego the glamor of publication, has poured into the lives of his students the fine essence of his spirit, which is more than mere literary finesse and art. It is the soul of art; the Urim and Thummim of beauty and touch.

The students of "Old Midd" are not only taught by this man, but blest by his very presence. It is the consecration of such men as he that makes the old college what she is—an unexcelled maker of men.

Sincerely yours,

T. A. CARLSON, '00.

To the Editor of The Campus:

By the last college catalogue I notice that the English department "aims to secure a knowledge of historical development in the English tongue; an appreciation of what is best in the writings of its users; and ability in personal practice for creditable literary work." It is my opinion that the English department secured all these about twenty-five years ago. Since that time there has been a continuous and well organized attempt to part with the knowledge, appreciation and ability which the department possesses, but the pearls have often missed the trough. The target is so blurred and unsteady that a teacher usually misses his aim, and I opine that Professor Wright has frequently relapsed into Chaucerisms after some of his shots.

The modest catalogue fails to mention what the English department did in my day. Then it was teaching the love of truth and beauty, and was moulding characters and developing aspirations and forming ideals. It is my belief, confirmed by conversations with many graduates that Professor Wright has, to a re-

markable degree, taught his way into the souls of his pupils, and that his work has been demonstrated in lives made noble, in fine accomplishment, in the love of truth and scorn of pretense and sham, which one finds in such a large proportiou of our alumni. The English department has an advantage in reaching the heart of the student, but only a teacher of great character, daily evidencing devotion to his work and belief in the things he speaks, can do the things Professor Wright has with the inner life of his pupils.

I wish Middlebury would give him more leisure, and let him write. He ought to have larger classes than the valleys can contain and be heard beyond the classroom. There is a place in American literature for him, if he chooses to fill it. In any event, may he live long, live in good health, and be at every Commencement for years to come.

Yours truly,

SAMUEL B. BOTSFORD, '00.

To the Editor of The Campus:

Noting your intention to issue a number in honor of the completion by Professor Wright of twenty-five years of labor for Middlebury College I gladly embrace this opportunity to express, so far as words allow, my great appreciation of his work.

It was my lot to draw upon his kindness far beyond the strict obligation which lay upon him as an instructor and his advice and assistance was always given without reluctance and often with great sacrifice to himself. Such men are an inspiration.

May he long be the senior member of a faculty whose leadership does not neglect that large department of college education which lies outside the classroom!

Sincerely yours,

GUY B. HORTON, 1900.

To the Editor of the Campus:

I am very glad to send you a few lines indicating my appreciation of Prof. C. B. Wright. In our college work we felt that we were constantly benefited while under his instruction, and many of us will always remember with pleasure and profit the evenings when the Reading Club met at the home of Professor and Mrs. Wright.

Outside of the college work I valued Professor Wright very

highly as a friend and as a man who looked at things from the common sense standpoint, and who was not afraid to break away from red tape occasionally.

Assuring you of my pleasure for the opportunity of paying this tribute, I am,

Yours respectfully,

JOHN E. STETSON, 1900.

To the Editor of the Campus:

May I be one of the many to congratulate Professor Wright and Middlebury on this, his twenty-fifth anniversary of service at the dear old college? When in college we students found in him a most inspiring teacher and the truest of friends; and since college days, all of us who had the rare opportunity of being in his classes, have been the better able to do our little share of the world's big work because he taught us. For we owe to him that which the purely formal teacher cannot impart. He taught us more than can be expressed in any curriculum. May Middlebury be so fortunate as to celebrate his fiftieth anniversary. Then we're all coming back to give him good cheer.

Cordially yours,

LEMUEL R. BROWN, '01.

To the Editor of the Campus:

"Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh;" but there are some occasions when no words can adequately express the fullness of our hearts. This, I feel is such an occasion. Charles Baker Wright has given twenty-five years of his life to Middlebury. What that has meant to the college and students we all know.

Never has it been my fortune to know one who could so *lift* a man out of himself, not only by showing to him his latent possibilities, but also by inspiring him with the desire to do his best for others as well as for himself.

May the day be far distant when old Midd's sons and daughters shall miss the hearty hand-clasp and cordial greeting of "Charles Baker!"

GEORGE E. KIMBALL, '06.

To the Editor of The Campus:

The word "quintessence," which I heard for the first time in one of Professor Wright's classes, has always seemed to me

peculiar to him. Charles Baker Wright, the perfect scholar, man and Christian who, by his life and mental attainments, exerts an influence for the best in the world of letters and of men.

Very truly yours,

HAZEL MCLEOD, '09.

To the Editor of The Campus:

Dear Sir:—Professor Wright was a friend to each of us, wishing us well in all our worthy endeavors. He strove by word and deed in his quiet, tactful way to encourage us in striving for the better things of life. In the classroom and out, he continually set before us ideals of a healthier student life and of a nobler manhood. He endeavored to instil into our hearts and minds that love of learning which is the spirit of the true scholar. He wished that each of us might get that broader view of life which would protect us from the narrowing influences of a world whose loudest cry is "specialize."

The place Professor Wright occupies in the life of Middlebury College is best expressed by the words, "The Students' Friend."

Sincerely yours,

PHILIP A. WRIGHT, '09.

To the Editor of The Campus:

It was at the close of one of those delightful "Dante" evenings, which seniors and juniors enjoyed this winter at the home of the Wrights, that the conversation touched upon the memories which one carries away from college. In this connection Professor Wright said that, after all, it is not the recitation periods, not the hours of study, which we remember in after years; but, more and more as time goes on, college life and college experience become identified with the men we knew there. Already to the seniors at least, the truth of this statement is making itself felt; and I think all will join with me in saying that Professor Wright has made an impression upon our lives never to be effaced. To every student who goes away from Middlebury the name of "Charles Baker" is forever associated with the highest culture.

Yours truly,

EDITH SARAH ATWOOD, '10.

To the Editor of The Campus:

Those persons who attain a place so near perfection, that we can hardly discriminate one from the other, we generally look at

askance. They are of another world. While they may send us a beam of light in the shape of an example to follow, yet of necessity that beam cannot be gentle, sympathetic and nourishing; it is steely, cold, distant.

But this cannot be said of our Professor of English Literature in Middlebury College. All those who have had the good fortune of meeting Professor Wright, both in the classroom and out of it, will tell how he possesses those qualities of a teacher and of a man which go to make anyone respected. Not only will they tell of those general good qualities, but likewise of the special ones, which Professor Wright has, all as his very own. For these we honor him.

But there is one thing more, that for which we love him. It is because he just falls short of that perfection which we have just mentioned. He is not too far above us. He is human. He is one of us. He knows the same troubles, prejudices, failures; the same passions, aspirations, striving for ideals. It is because Professor Wright is a *man*, not a saint, that he wins our highest regard.

Very sincerely,

ROLLO A. KILBURN, '11.

To the Editor of The Campus:

Why should we seek polished phrases, or what need have we of assembling a throng of fine adjectives, when we speak of him to students here? Do we not all know him,—the one who for years has been inspiring students of Middlebury College to a broader and better working knowledge of the best that has been written in our own native tongue? And who is there that has not been charmed by his presentation of it? Have we not felt the magnetism of his unusual personality, so strong, so kind, so wise, so gently genial? Have we not spent hours listening as intently to him as, I imagine, the ancients did to the "Reading from Homer"? Have we not placed implicit faith in his friendly counsel to us? Has not his reading often fascinated us and inspired appreciation of authors, for whom hitherto we had cared but little, or possibly whose names we had not even heard? All who know him deeply respect him and greatly admire him; we need but to name our own Professor Wright.

PRUDA HARWOOD, '12

To the Editor of The Campus:

LONDON, ENG., 24 Old Jewry, E. C.
March 26, 1910.

I have been on the continent for a time and only yesterday received your letter asking for an article upon Professor Wright. It is too late to attempt anything for this mail, but I will try to get off a few words for the next mail. To write of a man after he is dead is easy, but to write about a live man is rather hard.

Yours truly,
ROBERT M. COLLINS.

On April 5 the following cablegram was received:

LONDON, April 4, 1910.

To the Editor of The Campus:

MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT.

Regret unable forward article.

COLLINS.

AN INTERESTING OFFER.

THE following paragraph taken from a recent letter of Mr. J. M. D. Olmsted, of the class of 1907, should prove of great interest to all who are eligible:

In order to make Middlebury men think more about the matter [entering into the Rhodes competitions] I propose to give a prize of $10 to the writer of the best essay entitled "Rhodes Scholarships." Any man may submit an essay who will be eligible to receive a Rhodes Scholarship in 1911 or 1913. The prize will not be given unless at least five men compete. The essays must be sent to me on or before June 1.

The details of the contest have been posted on the college bulletin board.

THE JUNIOR PROM AND THE PLAY.

At a recent meeting of the junior class it was voted to cut down the expenses of the Junior Prom and to make the dance an informal affair. This was done to remove the usual class tax and to enable the members of the class to make individual payments towards the gymnasium fund. Nevertheless, the informal nature of the dance will not prevent anyone from having a most enjoyable time. Arrangements are already being made and the dance promises to be one of the pleasantest social events of the year. The date of the Prom is Friday evening, May 13.

The work on the Junior Play, "As You Like It," is progressing rapidly under the direction of Mrs. Stewart. Although at first it was thought by some that it would be difficult to produce effectively a play by so great an author and one which contained so much real character drawing, yet the very strength of the play itself has seemed to help the acting, and the parts in every instance are being fitly taken. Several interesting features will be introduced into the play, including the Overture and several Entr'actes specially arranged as orchestral music, solos and glees for the different forest scenes, the epilogue and the minuet at the conclusion of the play. The costumes and all accessories will be hired from a large costuming house and will be first-class in every detail. The cast of characters follows:

DUKE, living in banishment,		WALTER H. CLEARY
DUKE FREDERICK, his brother,		RALPH F. PALMER
AMIENS,	Lords attending on banished Duke	ROLLO A. KILBURN
JAQUES,		J. GORDON PEACH
OLIVER,	Sons of Sir Rowland de Bois	BENJAMIN S. STEWART
JAQUES DE BOIS,		WILLIAM RICHMOND
ORLANDO,		HERBERT A. BURNHAM
CHARLES, the Wrestler,		FRANK C. RYDER
ADAM, servant to Oliver,		WILLIAM H. DARROW
TOUCHSTONE, a Clown,		HAROLD S. TUCK
CORIN, an old Shepherd,		HIRAM D. MOORE
SILVIUS, a young Shepherd,		RALPH F. PALMER
LEBEAU, attendant at the wrestling,		WOODBURN P. HARRIS
ROSALIND, daughter to banished Duke,		EUNICE W. SMITH
CELIA, daughter to Duke Frederick,		SARAH W. WHITNEY
PHOEBE, a Shepherdess,		GERTRUDE BRODIE

AUDREY, a Wench, - - - - MYRLE B. HILL

LORDS, attending on Duke Frederick. { RUSSELL P. DALE / WAYNE C. BOSWORTH

LORDS, attending on banished Duke, { WILLIAM E. B. BARNES / ROBERT R. TWITCHELL

Mr. Dale and Mr. Twitchell will have charge of men's costumes. Miss McLellan and Miss Caswell will have charge of ladies' costumes.

The stage management will be under the direction of Mr. Barnes, chairman, Mr. Noyes, Mr. Bosworth, Miss Burditt and Miss Frizelle. The date of the play is Thursday evening, May 12.

TEMPORIBUS HOMINIS ARPINATIS.

THERE have been so many questions in regard to the nature of the portrayal of "The Times of the Man of Arpinum" that a brief account of the plans as enlarged and rearranged for this tenth anniversary presentation may not be amiss. Those who were present in 1899 and 1900 will recognize many changes for the better in the scenes as outlined for the coming presentation.

Scene I will be in the Temple of Apollo. The setting was especially painted for the chorus ten years since. About eighty young men and maidens in the dimly lighted aisles will chant the actual music, the actual words, of a Temple Hymn discovered some ninety years since. The singing will be in part antiphonal, in part unison. The effect is weird and striking.

Scene II will be the famous invective "which every school boy knows." One cannot do better in describing this scene than to quote some one's note in the *Register* of May 15th, 1899.

"When the curtains at the front of the enlarged stage parted at 8:15 o'clock, disclosing the Temple of Jupiter Stator, the meeting place of the Roman senate, a spontaneous burst of applause attested the delight of the spectators in the beauty of the scene. The rising tiers of senatorial benches, the rows of marble columns receding to seemingly impossible distances, and the majestic statue of Jupiter that towered beneath the overarching dome, combined to give a foretaste of what the evening had in store. Then followed the entrance of the senators, the appear-

ance of Catiline in his place, the fiery attack upon him by the maddened consul, his bold command that Catiline betake himself into exile, and the uproar attending the withdrawal of the conspirator as with threats of vengeance he rushed from view.''

It is no exaggeration to say that those who saw Mr. Lake and Mr. Cady in the characters of Cicero and Catiline, though they may live to ''three generations of men,'' will never forget the impression left by their superb rendition. In the words of one present on that night, '' I can see and hear them yet.''

Scene III the longest of the evening, will be the trial of the five conspirators. Whether the yielding of Volturcius, the anger of Cethegus, the dejection of Statilius, the wild fury of Gabinius, or the impressive confession of Lentulus as he removes his purple robes of office, will be the most impressive, it is difficult to say. To many the abdication and disrobing of Lentulus were the most striking of the pictures of the whole representation.

Scene IV will be the Verdict scene in which, after a stormy debate, the white robed senators will pass to one side or the other in approval or disapproval of Cato's proposal that the guilty one's be immediately put to death.

Scene V will be in the Roman Forum at the end of the year 63, in which, after much bantering of citizens, Cicero enters to give an account of his year of consulship. As he begins, the tribune Metullus in stentorian voice shouts the fateful '' Veto''. But the famous consul in impressive tones utters his oath that he has saved the state and its citizens.

Scene VI, in the Temple, will witness the putting on of the toga virilis on the part of a young citizen.

Scene VII, one of the most impressive of the evening, will be the choosing of the new Vestal and the administration to her of the oath by the Pontifex Maximus. In the former presentation the delight of the audience seemed to know no limit in their admiration of the picture of the while clad Vestals.

Scene VIII, in the house of Cicero, will be in the year 58, as rumors are heard in the air of the attempts of Clodius to pass the bill for banishment on the ground that the consul had sent into exile, or put to death, Roman citizens without due form of trial. Whether Cicero exceeded his authority or not, the Roman jurists could not then tell, nor have all the lawyers in the centuries since been able to decide. This scene is made very

beautiful through the brilliant setting of the house appointments, not to speak of the dazzling tunicas and pallas of Terentia, Tullia and other Roman dames.

Scene IX, some eighteen months later, in the house of Quintus Cicero, gives a suggestion of the rejoicing that came to the consul's friends as the first news of the vote of recall is announced to them. Again the house scene is made as brilliant as possible.

In Scene X we get a suggestion, which must fall far short of the reality, of the joy that attended the triumphant home coming of the returning consul. He writes to Atticus shortly after that there was "no man in Rome of any consequence whatever that did not come to the city gates to meet him." As he walks down the Forum in this scene, and as they throw their roses and their laurel at his feet, we leave him and them in their wild exultation.

Scene XI, shows the combined choruses of all the singers chanting a second Apollo Hymn, hymns to Diana, and other echoes of the Roman music.

The above is the briefest outline only and does not indeed give all of even the important details. But it is enough to suggest that all who intend to be present on either the morning or the evening of June 21st should read carefully the whole conspiracy and the correlated history that belongs with it. Have you ordered your ticket?

Tickets are now being sold for the Drama. No seat reservations will be good after June 1st unless paid for in full. The prices of the seats for both the morning and the evening performances (June 21) will be $2.00, $1.50 and $1.00. All applications for tickets or reservations should be made to Egbert C. Hadley, Committee on Tickets, 7 Pleasant street, Middlebury, Vt.

THE MAY CAMPUS.

THE next number of THE CAMPUS will be devoted primarily to the interests of the women of the college. The cordial co-operation of all college women is necessary to assure the success of the venture. One of the ways of showing this cordiality is by ordering special copies. Let the alumnae observe this and send orders immediately to Miss Angeline M. Holden 8 High street, Middlebury, Vt.

THE GYMNASIUM.

AFTER many years of anticipation it looks at last as if Middlebury were to have an adequate equipment for physical education. President Thomas sent out a general appeal to the Alumni on March 9, asking for contributions to a $60,000 gymnasium fund. On March 18 he was able to announce that Ex-Governor McCullough had offered to give $25,000, provided the fund is completed before Commencement of this year. Subscriptions to date are as follows:

John G. McCullough, - - -	$25,000 00
" " " former gift, -	1,400 00
Alumni, - - - - -	5,636 00
Friends of the College, - -	2,550 00
Students, - - - -	722 50
	$35,308 50

If the fund is to be secured, the Alumni and friends of Middlebury must rally with more enthusiasm than they have shown up to now. Doubtless many have postponed reply, thinking there would be plenty of time before June 22. But three months is a very short time to raise the needed balance of $25,000 and President Thomas deserves a reply from every alumnus at once. If he could know right away what the Alumni are good for, he could tell what he must do in order to get the balance. Really the Alumni ought to give it all.

The students have shown an excellent spirit in pledging already over $700. They expect to raise at least $1000.

It is not expected that the money will all be paid in before June 22, but it must all be pledged. The time for payment can be extended, if desired.

In his statements to the Alumni, President Thomas has said:

"I want to install a Professor of Physical Education in the college at the earliest possible moment. Every student should have a physical examination immediately after entrance, and should be required to take physical exercise under skilled direction to promote good health and physical vigor and lay the foundation for strong manhood.

"The scholastic opportunities afforded our students have

more than doubled in the last two years. Our schedule of recitations is three times as long as it was only a short time since. But in the meantime the apparatus in the old gymnasium in Painter—never anything but meagre—has been worn out completely, and in honesty I was obliged to leave out all reference to a gymnasium from the last catalogue. Boys hesitate to come to a college which makes absolutely no provision for exercise in the long winter months, and parents do not like to send them there. A boy can't study all the time, and the body has some rights as well as the mind.

"A few months ago I wrote to a dozen college presidents asking them whether they considered a gymnasium a necessary part of a college equipment. Everyone of them answered Yes. Their practice sustains their testimony. A gymnasium is found on nearly every American campus, and in the last year or two several colleges have been replacing old gymnasiums with larger and better ones. Dartmouth has been raising $120,000 from its Alumni for this purpose.

"I have yet to find a graduate who does not say, 'We ought to have a gymnasium.' Now if we ought to have it, let's have it now, and let's build it ourselves. Nobody is likely to die and leave us one. We may perhaps expect a professorship now and then from some stranger to our benefits, but a place for student exercise and recreation is peculiarly the privilege of Alumni generosity.

"I covet for our boys a few more of the privileges afforded elsewhere. I have told them there is no refusal of a rightful student demand, and I ask you to help me make that sentence good. The larger budget of the college is more than half due to their increased payments for tuition. They're worth more than we are yet doing for them. They want a gymnasium above all things, and I honestly believe they are right. Let me hear from you at once, and if you will do a third better than you did on the Pearsons Fund we can have that gymnasium quick.

"I write with enthusiam, but my deeper thought is the good this building will do to the students who are to attend our college in the future years. They come just as you came, ignorant of many of the laws of health, and they need training into physical shape and instructicn in the proper care of the body. An instructor in physical education will be one of the most useful members of our

faculty. He will turn into healthful channels the surplus physical energy natural to young men engaged in study and help the moral tone of the entire college. College life will be more wholesome, and we shall send out stronger, purer, manlier men. Remember the long Vermont winters—the freshmen are shoveling the snow drifts off the running track as I write this letter—and now that the best equipment for physical education in the State of Vermont is within our grasp, give me a lift that will make your heart feel generous. We must not lose that $25,000, and the saving of it for Middlebury is your privilege."

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BASE BALL.

THE college base ball team bids fair to be better this spring than it has been for years. Captain Ross' men started practice immediately on their return from the Easter recess and under the efficient direction of Ray L. Fisher, '10, a very fast nine is rapidly being developed. The stiff schedule which has been arranged by the manager will be announced as soon as the details are complete. It will include several colleges which did not appear in the 1909 schedule, viz.: University of Maine, Boston University, Manhattan College and University of Rochester.

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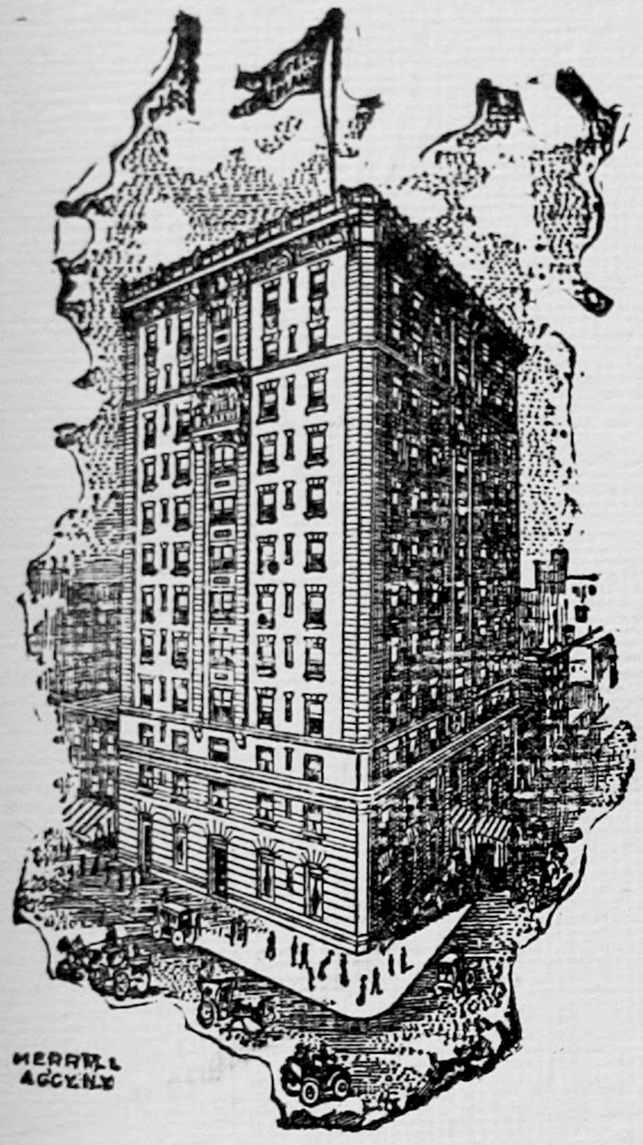

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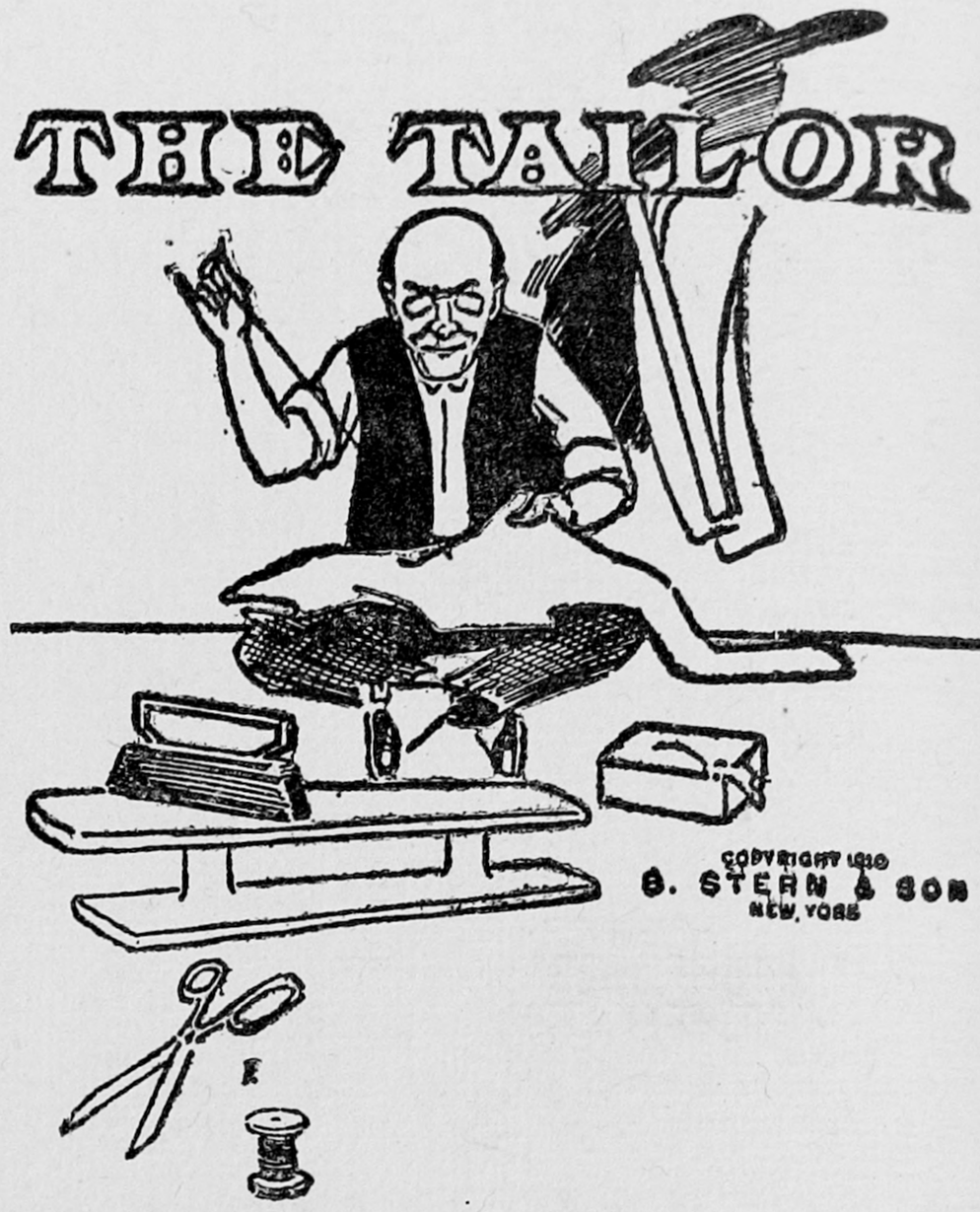

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